

# The BELGICK BOOR.

A New S O N G, to the Old Tune of *Cherry Chase*.

God Prosper long our Noble King,  
Our Hopes and Wishes all;  
A fatal Landing late there did  
In *Devonshire* befall.

To drive our Monarch from his Throne,  
Prince *Naso* took his way;  
The Babe may rue that's newly born,  
The Landing at *Torbay*.

The stubborn *Tarquin* void of Grace;  
A Vow to Hell does make,  
To force his Father Abdicate,  
And then his Crown to take.

And eke the Royal Infant-Prince  
To seize or drive away;  
These Tidings to our Sovereign came,  
In *Whitehall* where he lay.

Who unconcern'd at the Report,  
At first would not believe,  
That any of his Royal Race  
Such Mischiefs could conceive.

Till Time which ripens all Things, did  
The Villany disclose;  
And of a Nephew and a Son  
Forg'd out the worst of Foes.

Who by Infernal Instinct led,  
A Mighty Fleet prepares;  
His Father's Kingdoms to Invade,  
And fill his Heart with Cares.

Our Gracious King desires to know  
What his Pretensions were,  
And how without his leave he durst  
Presume on Landing here.

Exclaiming what was deem'd amiss  
Should soon amended be,  
And whatsoever should be desir'd,  
He would thereto agree.

And for a speedy Parliament  
He doth forthwith declare:  
The surly Brute not minding this  
Does to our Coast repair.

With several Thousand *Belgick Boors*;  
All chosen Rogues for spight,  
Join'd with some Rebels who from hence  
And Justice had ta'en flight.

Who arm'd with Malice and with Hopes,  
Soon threw themselves on Shore;  
Crying our Religion and our Laws  
They came for to restore.

Then Declarations flew about  
As thick as any Hail,  
Which (tho no Word was e're made good)  
Did mightily prevail.

We must be Papists or be Slaves  
Was then the General Cry;  
But we'll do any thing to save  
Our Darling Liberty.

We'll all join with a Foreign Prince,  
Against our Lawful King;  
For he from all our fancy'd Fears  
Deliverance doth bring.

And if what he declares prove true,  
As who knows but it may;  
Were he the Devil of a Prince  
We'll rather him obey.

Then our Allegiance let's cast off,  
*James* shall no longer guide us;  
And tho the *French* would bridle us,  
None but the *Dutch* shall ride us.

And those who will not join with us  
In this Design so Brave,  
Their Houses we'll pull down or burn,  
And seize on what they have.

These growing Evils to prevent,  
Our King his Force does bend;  
But amongst those he most did trust  
He scarce had left one Friend.

O how my very Heart does bleed,  
To think how basely they  
Who long had eaten Royal Bread,  
Their Master did betray.

And those to whom he'd been most kind,  
And greatest Favours shown;  
Appear'd to be the very first  
Who fought him to Dethrone.

O *Compton*! *Langston*! and the rest  
Who basely from him ran;  
Your Names for ever be accurs'd  
By every English man.

Proud *Tarquin* he pursues his Game,  
And quickly makes it plain,  
He came not to redress our Wrongs,  
But *England's* Crown to gain.

And o're his Father's mangled Fame,  
His Charriot proudly drives,  
Whilst he good Man, altho in vain,  
To pacify him strives.

But he Ingrateful! would not hear  
His Offers tho so kind,  
But caus'd the Noble Messenger  
Forthwith to be confin'd.

He brings his nasty Croaking Crew  
Unto his Father's Gate,  
Dismiss his own, makes them his Guard,  
O dismal Turn of Fate!

Also at Midnight drives him thence,  
O horrid Impious thing!  
Were such Assaults e're offer'd to  
A Father and a King.

A King so Great! so Good! so Just!  
So Merciful to all!  
His Vertue was his only Fault,  
And that which caus'd his Fall.

Who now is forc'd his Life to save  
To fly his native Land,  
And leave his Scepter to be grasp'd  
By an ungracious Hand.

Hells Journey-men are streight conven'd,  
Who rob God of his Power,  
Set up themselves a Stork-like King,  
The Subjects to devour.

And to secure his Lawless Throne,  
Now give him all we have,  
And make each Free-born *English* Heart  
Become a *Belgick* Slave.

The Bar, the Pulpit, and the Prefs  
Insatiably combine,  
To cry up a Usurped Power,  
And stamp it Right Divine.

Our Loyalty we must melt down  
And have it coin'd anew,  
For what was current heretofore,  
Will now no longer do.

Our Fetters we our Selves put on;  
Our Selves, our Selves do bubble;  
Our Conscience a meer Pack-horse make,  
Which now must carry double.

O *England*! when to future Times  
Thy Story shall be known,  
How will they blush to think what Crimes  
Their Ancestors have done.

But after all, what have we got  
By this our dear-bought King?  
Why! that our Scandal and Reproach  
Throughout the World does ring.

That our Religion, Liberties,  
And Laws we held so dear,  
Are more Invaded since this Change  
Than ever yet they were.

Our Coffers drain'd, our Coin impair'd,  
That little that remains;  
Our *Persons* seiz'd, nay *Thoughts* arraign'd,  
Our Freedom now is Chains.

Our Traffick ruin'd, Shipping lost,  
Our Traders most undone;  
Our bravest Hero's sacrific'd,  
Our ancient Glory gone.

A Fatal Costly War entail'd,  
On this unhappy Isle;  
Unless above what we deserve,  
Kind Heaven at last does smile.

And bring our Injur'd Monarch Home,  
And Place Him on his Throne;  
And to Confusion bring his Foes  
Which God Grant may be soon.

L O N D O N,

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